THE New Republic

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

Army Assistant Secretary Hugh Milton isn't the histrionic type. He tried a bit of theatrics the other day at the Hennings Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights. Counsel pressed him about the Army's neat trick of branding draftees for life as security risks if they don't sign "voluntary" loyalty oaths. How could he justify it? Milton seemed uncertain what to say, hesitated, struck a pose and said he placed "my country first." It lacked conviction so he repeated the phrase. Everybody looked up wondering and Milton subsided, embarrassed.

Strange and wonderful things are happening at this hearing. It occupies the same marble Caucus Room where the Wisconsin bull-roarer performed his rites. The drapes are still there, the crystal chandeliers. Here the Medicine Man of hate lit the fire, tied his victims to the stake and led the war dance. Dazed audiences watched him, listened to his rhythmic, hypnotic accusations and went native. What dignified respectables suddenly threw off their clothes then, stripped to the loin cloth of fear, daubed themselves with filth and pranced in the obscene rites of hate and hysteria while the trembling Eisenhower Administration tried to placate the blue-jowled Medicine Man! That was McCarthyism two years ago.

And now in the same room courteous Senator Hennings (D, Mo.) is attacking from just the other angle—chevvying Army Brass (who never gave the matter two thoughts before) about constitutional rights. The Committee is friendly but firm. The Brass yields ground. It is like watching a snowbank melt. The Colonel Blimps don't seem irritated by the polite questioning so much as taken aback—nonplussed—that anybody should be interested in these matters. Sometimes one could almost think them pleased. But more often they are bovine; having been stampeded into uncowlike antics by the frightful Medicine Man, they are now phlegmatically yielding ground on the other side. They have no particular convictions about constitutional rights. One gets the impression that if a Hitler came along they would accommodate themselves to him, too, for it is decidedly awkward to be burdened with figuring out the values they are trained to defend.

It seems pretty clear now that in the Dixon-Yates fiasco Ike was betrayed by his staff. He made statements that were not so, gave orders that were not obeyed, and showed himself ignorant of what was being done in his name. Ike called TVA "creeping socialism" and that was enough; his famous staff took over from there. The goal was to undercut TVA. So Joe Dodge, former Detroit banker and Ike's first budget director, devised the stratagem. He and Sherman Adams called in Adolphe Wenzell, Wall Street banker, who testified he regarded TVA as "galloping socialism." When Wenzell's role in the affair was hinted, Ike couldn't believe it. The humiliating evidence of his ignorance and deception is there in black and white. On August 17, 1954, he told reporters that every scrap of information would be published—and four days later his subordinates put out the "full" record, from which Wenzell's name was omitted. Both the TVA and the Atomic Energy Commission originally opposed the contract, but Ike named new members, and they went along. The Securities and Exchange Commission is there to guard the public, but Ike had named four of the five commissioners, including the new chairman; they approved, too.

(Ike's appointees, incidentally, now control eight of the nine federal regulatory commissions in Washington. Since taking office Ike has failed to re-appoint a *single* commissioner first named by a prior Administration; a number of his so-called "Democrats" for these bipartisan agencies were first passed by the Republican National Committee.)

Utility tycoon Edgar Dixon didn't mention Wenzell when he testified before the SEC. When Budget Director Hughes appeared before Senator Kefauver, he described Wenzell as being just a technical assistant. Asked if the First Boston Corporation (Wenzell's boss) was financial agent for Dixon-Yates, Hughes said, "I don't believe it is, but I don't know." Sherman Adams wouldn't testify.

Ike didn't know. He told his press conference last June that all the facts were published, and "Mr. Wenzell was never called in or asked a single thing about the Dixon-Yates contract." (Incorrect.) On July 6 he again told the press he regarded Wenzell's role as "proper."

But Senators Hill and Kefauver dragged the facts out. Suddenly the contract was cancelled. And now, last week, the Atomic Energy Commission announced that it will not pay cancellation damages, amounting to several millions, to the bilked Dixon-Yates crowd. Why? —Because the contract was "invalid" on account of the activities of the very Wenzell whose name was originally omitted by the Budget Bureau from its "complete" chronology of events.

A committee on international policy of the non-partisan National Planning Association has issued a report on the Administration's foreign policy. It says the USA isn't holding its own in the Cold War. It is frankly worried. It wants a whole lot of economic aid. It urgently calls on the Administration to stop talking, start acting. What it says is just about what Stevenson, Harriman, Kefauver have said, for which they have been accused of injecting partisanship into foreign policy.

Acheson gave the world solid things, like NATO and the Marshall Plan, but Dulles has given mostly stunts. Some thought Ike's original visit to Korea was an election stunt. Certainly the Korean truce was so lax that Red armies were freed to take Indo-China. Congress roared approval when Ike "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek—a stunt. Dulles promised "instant retaliation"—a stunt. After the sterile Bermuda conference came the big stunt of sharing the peacetime atom. Nothing has been done about it. The spectacular aerial inspection proposal caught the headlines at the first Geneva conference—a nice stunt. Again, the State Department news managers pushed out the story of a victory when Adenauer made his journey to Moscow: a "victory" which almost certainly the State Department itself didn't believe in. And in all this time tariffs have not been cut, foreign aid *has* been cut, and the American position has deteriorated.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Will "Moderation" Split the Democrats?

THE November 26 issue of *Business Week* opens with glad tidings for its readers. "Stevenson's strategy is splitting the Democrats," *Business Week* declares; it adds, "The prospect now is for a red hot, intra-party squabble in advance of the 1956 convention." These adjectives point to wishful thinking rather than close analysis; but the sharp criticism of Stevenson's strategy made by Gov. G. Mennen Williams of Michigan in a speech before the Colorado Young Democrats confirms that the division within the party is a threat.

The immediate cause of the division is Stevenson's address to the party leaders who gathered in Chicago on November 19. If he had concentrated then upon the urgent necessity of action at home on behalf of social services and further action overseas to halt the economic and social challenge of Communism, Stevenson could have set the stage for a reasoned debate upon the basic contrasts that divide Republicans and Democrats and united his party behind great issues which cry out for leadership. Instead, Stevenson marked off the center of the road as his own and thereby thrust aside his party's right and left wings. "This is an age of abundance as well as an age of anxiety," he declared, ". . . a time for catching our breath . . . moderation is the spirit of the times."

The *New Republic* first interpreted these sentences as Stevenson's effort to conserve his strength until the campaign begins. Others, more critical, took them to be the key to Stevenson's whole approach to the campaign itself. The first of these critics, Governor Harriman of New York, was led in consequence to express his unhappiness over Stevenson's strategy. "There is," he insisted, "no such word as 'moderation' in the Democratic vocabulary."

By this inept phrasing Harriman placed himself on record as favoring immoderation. He permitted Stevenson to dismiss the whole controversy as a misunderstanding over words. But Governor Williams intervened to insist that in the new dispute with Stevenson more than words are involved. He stated:

". . . Those who are satisfied with the status quo . . . are traditionally on the other side, not ours. . . . Democrats traditionally . . . push doggedly ahead. . . . I am made heartsick by those in my own party who do not militantly resist the spurious doctrine that . . . our job is done, we can rest. So long as some 15 million American families are still housed in substandard dwellings I would be ashamed to hearken to the counsels of those who have proposed that this is an ideal time for a national coffee break."

All this, of course, is in part a tempest in the coffee pot. Stevenson, needless to say, is also intolerant of substandard housing and is far from believing that the Democratic job is done. And yet Governor Williams has brought to the surface a fear long harbored by labor and low-income groups. They have learned that under President Eisenhower "moderation" has become a synonym for inaction. They conclude that "moderation" will serve as a cloak for equivocation and indifference to their needs as Stevenson sets, as his first priority, the winning of the Southern conservatives.

Governor Williams and his allies fought to prevent the seating of Byrnes and other Dixiecrats in the 1952 Democratic Convention. They lost and these Southerners, once seated, went on to campaign for General Eisenhower. Williams and his friends still resent the manner in which the Southern conservatives, by threatening disloyalty, claim greater influence in the Democratic Party than they deserve. They balk at the domination of the national party by Lyndon Johnson. They suspect that "moderation" and "breath catching" are the rationalization employed by Stevenson for his effort to come to terms with Johnson and his group. In evidence of their suspicion they cite the analysis of *Business Week* which in speaking of Stevenson continues:

> The former Democratic candidate figures this way:
>
> The South can tip things in a close nominating convention battle. So, court the Southern delegates with a middle-of-the-road position.
>
> Then in the campaign bid for the swing votes — the so-called independents who figured big in Eisenhower's 1952 win. The Democratic left—labor and price-minded farmers—will have to go along because they are committed to the Democrats.

True as this may be, the "Democratic left" does not like to be told that it "will have to go along." For three years Williams and his friends have been emphasizing to Stevenson that victory in 1956 will depend upon the enthusiasm with which labor and low-income groups generally regard the Democratic candidate, rather than the acceptance which this candidate can pick up from peripheral groups. They have pointed out that one-third of the voters participate only in Presidential elections. They have added that this one-third is made up predominantly of Americans with low incomes. They grant that the "Democratic left" is committed against the Republicans. But they insist that unless these Americans are aroused, they will not go to the polls in the numbers required for victory in 1956.

Around the Stevenson headquarters, the tendency has been to regard Harriman as a recruiting sergeant for Stevenson among the Southern delegations. But the defection of Williams cannot be dismissed. He is the leader of the best Democratic organization in the country and the Governor of a key state that swung to Stevenson in 1952. His objective for the moment is to counter the right-wing pressure upon Stevenson with pressure from the left. But if this pressure fails to shift the center of gravity in the Stevenson movement, Williams will continue on his own way. Stevenson supporters may insist that, phrases apart, the programs of Williams and Stevenson are very much the same.

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This Williams denies. He has delivered one major policy address so far on education and, with its demand for $3 billion in federal aid to be financed by higher corporate taxes, it is well to the left of Stevenson's position. In coming weeks Williams intends to expound similar programs on housing, health, unemployment, taxation and farm policy. He calls his program "The New Vision," and he takes it seriously. He is not acting in obedience to the wishes of the UAW, the CIO and the AFL. These union leaders in private agree with Stevenson that the middle of the road is both statesmanship and good politics. Williams, however, may vocalize neglected ambitions and half-hidden discontents. In this event, a vocal and disaffected left wing in his party can seriously damage Stevenson, particularly if the Republicans contest Stevenson's claim upon the middle of the road by nominating Eisenhower or Earl Warren, two middle-of-the-roaders whose claims exceed Stevenson's own. For these reasons the defection of Williams is one that Stevenson cannot afford to ignore.

Egypt Might Be More Disastrous Than China

"THE SOVIET arms deal with Egypt has created a crisis for the free world as great as the Communist invasion of South Korea in 1950. In fact, if the Russians should consolidate a position of strength in Egypt, the results would be more disastrous than the Communist seizure of China."

Those are the approximate words used by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in briefing the National Security Council and the Cabinet last week.

Geopolitics accounts for the tone of alarm. If Russians consolidate a position of military collaboration and economic strength in Egypt, they place themselves in position to outflank one anchor of the North Atlantic alliance (Greece, Turkey), and a similar anchor of the Middle East alliance (Turkey, Iraq and Iran). In Egypt it is possible the Russians can call the tune but evade responsibility for Egyptian actions against Great Britain over the Suez Canal, and against Israel over the UN truce line. Moreover, Egyptian money and agents have been active in stirring up nationalist agitation in French North Africa, thus offering an apparatus which the Russians might manipulate.

The Russians have not achieved in Egypt this position of strength, and Mr. Dulles' briefing was not wholly gloomy. There is evidence that Egyptian Premier Nasser misjudged his cards and knows it. Both Israeli and Egyptian leaders are said to be sufficiently unnerved by the turn of events that there is some hope for an Israeli-Arab *detente* along the lines of Secretary Dulles' peace proposals last August 26. But there are two great differences between this and the Korean crisis:

First, the Russians have violated no agreements or UN principles. They have given the UN Security Council and General Assembly no excuse for action.

Second, Premier Nasser possesses neither the firm anti-Communist convictions of a Syngman Rhee, nor the political sophistication of a Tito playing cat-and-mouse with the Russians.

Despite these obstacles, there is room for cautious optimism as a review of the past year's developments will show.

In late 1954 the Russians foreshadowed a shift in policy by abandoning their five year neutrality toward the Arab-Israel dispute and aligning themselves clearly with the Arabs in the UN.

Also about one year ago Egypt captured four Israeli saboteurs who were reportedly sent into Egypt on personal orders of the Israeli defense minister to embarrass Egypt by such acts as bombing the UN Information Service. They were condemned to death, but Nasser agreed, on intervention of the US, not to execute them. The premier subsequently found it impossible to fulfill his promise. Egyptian public opinion became enraged over the Baghdad Pact, and the cry for a tougher foreign policy led Nasser to execute the four Israelis.

Israeli struck back promptly with a raid on an Egyptian army post in the Gaza Strip, killing 43 Egyptian soldiers. That was last February. Anger against Israel reached the boiling point, but Nasser knew he could not top the Israeli raid without more arms. He approached the US for arms and was told he could buy for cash, in dollars. Instead Nasser turned to Russia where he could trade his cotton. It is not known here whether Egypt first approached the Russians, or whether alert Russian representatives made the first move. The Russian offer was made in June, was accepted in August, and shiploads of arms arrived in October. No precedent exists in the American aid program where arms were delivered so promptly after requisition.

Ironically, the US had been laboring simultaneously on new Arab-Israeli peace proposals. Dulles' offer of August 26 proposed the following actions:

On refugees: Israel should pay compensation to the 900,000 Arab refugees encamped outside her boundaries. Funds would come from an international loan which the US would sponsor. Arab countries would receive help on water development to provide new farm lands for refugees.

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On fear of attack: President Eisenhower would ask Congress for authority to guarantee the Arab-Israeli borders against attack by either side.

On boundary delineation: The US, if requested by both parties, would help work out satisfactory permanent boundaries. There was a veiled hint this would involve Israeli's surrender of a part of the Negev.

Chief stumbling block to the Arabs, in the Dulles' offer, is the recognition of Israel as a permanent state. Israel found it hardest to accept surrender of any territory which has had sentimental significance since Biblical times, and which provides Israel with a "coastline" on the Indian Ocean through the Gulf of Aqaba.

Two lines of negotiation are now in progress. The Israeli foreign minister has been in Washington discussing an American grant of arms. The Egyptian finance minister has been in Washington discussing with the World Bank and the US, the $1.1 billion project to build the high Aswan dam on the Nile. Both are related to broader issues, for the US would be most reluctant to grant arms to Israel without a security guarantee to both sides; and the Bank cannot see how Egypt will finance the Aswan loan unless Egypt scales down its payments under the Russian arms deal.

Is Internationalism Still Intolerable?

THE OLD GUARD of Wisconsin Republicanism is out to purge its oldest major officeholder, Sen. Alexander Wiley, 71, the ranking Republican on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. They hope to do this through the candidacy of Rep. Glenn R. Davis, 41, of Waukesha, a protégé of former Wisconsin boss Thomas E. Coleman and a crony of Richard M. Nixon.

Wiley's is one of the strangest careers in Wisconsin, where there have been many political freaks. He was a small town banker and attorney when he won election to the Senate in 1938, with the viewpoint that might be expected of a Main Street merchant in Wisconsin. Isolationism was his dominant issue, and it was a popular one here in those days. It provided him with a solid foundation of support that still exists, although Wiley is damned now as "internationalist."

Senator Wiley

For sometime in the early 40's Wiley changed. The broader horizons of Washington, able assistants provided by the then Dewey-dominated GOP National Committee, his British wife and his loyalty to President Eisenhower all were factors in his gradual transformation. He became the foremost Republican proponent of the bipartisan foreign policy, and found both the Truman-Acheson policies and the Eisenhower-Dulles policies to his liking.

But as Wiley won respect in Washington, he made enemies at home. Internationalism in a President could be tolerated, if deplored, but in a Senator from Wisconsin it was inconceivable, went the thinking. In 1953 Wiley was booed and censured by his own party in state convention because he had opposed the Bricker Amendment.

But in one way Wiley never has changed. He is a stubborn Norwegian who stands his ground, and feels it is his job to educate his erring constituents to the realities of the modern world. But occasionally his patience fails. "Those darned conservatives," he will snort.

Earlier this month, in a closed meeting on Milwaukee's North Shore, a group of "that gang" undertook to set Wiley straight. The Senator stood it for half an hour. Then declaring, "I didn't come here to be brainwashed," he stalked from the room.

Two Republicans already are in the field against him, Assemblyman Mark Catlin of Appleton, speaker of the state assembly, and Howard H. Boyle, a Milwaukee attorney and outspoken McCarthyite. But Republicans doubt that either of these men have sufficient stature to beat Wiley.

Catlin began his campaign by calling Wiley "a colossal fathead." Boyle is attacking the Senator as a member of the "godless intelligentsia." Wiley, whose piety is noted and who was once characterized in a national magazine as "the Wisconsin windbag," was startled when he learned of Boyle's charge.

"You know," he said, "I've never been accused of either of those things."

Not all of those who would like to see Wiley defeated believe that it can be done. The Senator is a formidable and untiring campaigner; he comes home from Washington almost every weekend to make six or eight speeches. He has shaken more hands than any other state politician and done innumerable favors for constituents through his efficient Washington office.

But with Davis and a lavish expenditure of money, many members of the organization believe there is a chance to beat Wiley next year. Davis is extremely popular in his own Congressional district. His backers feel that he can extend this popularity throughout the state. He, too, is an indefatigible campaigner, with the advantage of youth. His enemies call him a "Boy Scout," but his flashing smile and earnest partisanship make a hit with Republican audiences. His Congressional record, like that of his friend the Vice President, is hard to categorize.

Davis has said he will make his decision about January 1, and that it will depend on the condition of the Republican organization, whose backing he takes for granted. His decision will rest on whether there is unity in the organization and upon the amount of money on hand.

There seems to be little doubt that the money will be there. The state GOP committee has set a goal of $1 million for the 1956 campaigns in Wisconsin; it is reported that $100,000 has been pledged already for the Davis campaign.

Under Wisconsin's open primary law, voters may cast their ballots in either party's primary. No one knows which ballot the voter picks. It has been customary for Democrats and independents, when there is no major contest on the Democratic side, to vote in the Republican primary. Right now, no Democratic contest is in sight for the nomination for either Governor or Senator, and Wiley should benefit from this.

Thus far the only Democrat campaigning for the Senatorial nomination is State Senator Henry W. Maier of Milwaukee, a young man with orthodox Democratic views and a flair for political organization. No one thinks that Maier would make a very strong run against Wiley, but if the Old Guard effort against Wiley is successful, the Democratic nomination might turn out to be a prize.

Milwaukee E. B. RICHARDS

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Chiang Kai-shek on the Shelf

A British expert returning to Taipeh after two years, reports that US pressure is transforming the role of the Nationalists on Formosa to one of defense, while time is working in favor of self-government by the Taiwanese.

by Colin Jackson

At first sight, the visitor who returns to Formosa after two years concludes that nothing has changed. The customs at the airport are still the most thorough and prying in Asia. Compared with Tokyo, the streets seem empty of cars and full of dawdling pedicabs. Freedom Square in the center of Taipeh is still crowded with American military vehicles; the Friends of China Club is still full of people who are, to say the least, mildly critical of General Chiang Kai-shek. The walls about the city still have the huge blue signs in Chinese lettering "Give us back our mountains and streams!" "Death to the Communists" and "Back to the Mainland." Nationalist soldiers, neat and well behaved, still wander lonely along the country roads without a country and without friends.

But the longer I stayed in Formosa the more I became aware of subtle changes in the atmosphere of the island that had taken place since 1953. The boasts are still being made, the extravagant claims of coming victory are still there, but their hollow ring is a little more obvious, these recitations a little more automatic than on my previous visit two years before. In one interview after another in ways direct and indirect it became clear that General Chiang Kai-shek has been put on the shelf.

United States pressure and changes on the island have made the defense of Formosa rather than the reconquest of the mainland the preoccupation of the Nationalist Goverment. This I discovered at first when I went to see General Tiger Wang, the Air Force Commander. He is a tough, aggressive, attractive person. His aides are young and full of fight. Jet planes are coming into his air force and from what I saw jet pilots, Chinese and Taiwanese, are being paired efficiently. Across the straits the Chinese Communist air bases are being built up at breakneck speed. Whole groups of air fields are sprouting around Amoy and Fuchow. These are obvious and vital targets for an aggressive Chinese Nationalist air force, a build up that must be smashed. But Tiger Wang is not allowed to attack these Communist bases.

He made it plain to me that it was the United States Government that had vetoed his actions. "Attack is the best method of defense," he said, "but we are condemned to sit here and do nothing." The Nationalist newspapers in Taipeh make great play of Nationalist Air Force attacks on Communist planes and ships, (not to mention British shipping!) but in fact their air force has now been assigned a purely defensive role.

Then I went to see General Huang, Chief of Staff of the Army. Huang was in charge of the Nationalist forces in Indo-China for two years. He is a hard and bitter fighter. In his office one whole wall is covered with a map of mainland China, and just visible the islands of Quemoy and Matsu. I asked him about the defense of the islands, the danger of a Communist night crossing, of crushing air attacks, of the break down of supplies. His sharp answer, "The islands will never be taken," reminded me of Hitler in 1945. I mentioned that General Wang had said that, "Attack is the best form of defense." Would the Chinese Nationalist Army, I asked, launch a counter-attack from the islands on to the mainland if Quemoy and Matsu were attacked by air or sea? General Huang's eyes lit up for a moment. Here obviously was the one thing he wanted most, a war on the mainland with United States support. But then bitterly he replied, "We are not allowed to attack the mainland!"

There are other signs that show clearly that Formosa has been shifted from an offensive to a defensive role. The Nationalist Army, for example, is in the process of changing from being predominantly Chinese to a force whose majority is Taiwanese. Already twelve thousand Chinese soldiers of the Nationalist Army have been dis-

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charged as too old or too sick. A ceiling of 45 years is now placed as the age limit for all soldiers. And in the next twelve months, another 70,000 unfit or aging Nationalist soldiers are to go. To replace these retiring Chinese mainlanders, Taiwanese are being drafted into the Nationalist Army on a large scale. There had been previous small inductions but now all Taiwanese are required to serve either 4 months reserve training, or 16 months regular service with the Nationalist Army. The exact proportion of Taiwanese to Chinese mainlanders now coming into the Army is an official secret, as is the number of Taiwanese in the Army now. However, I got a good estimate as to future proportions when I went to visit an Army infantry basic-training camp some fifty miles south of Taipeh. Here four out of every five of the trainees undergoing their first of sixteen months service are Taiwanese.

This change over in the content of the Nationalist Army must inevitably change its whole fighting outlook. The Taiwanese may be interested in defending their own island (though as soldiers with less than a dollar a month pay, this may be doubtful). But it seems highly unlikely that inspiring slogans such as "Back to the Mainland" will have much appeal to soldiers who have never come from there. Mainland private soldiers are not allowed to marry, and for them, embarking for China has more than military attractions. But the Taiwanese soldiers are allowed to marry, and as an American officer said to me: "Who ever heard of leaving your wife for a girl you've never met?"

The Political Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs, Chen, was government spokesman when I met him two years ago. A member of the Central Committee of the KMT, a tough, young, fanatical sort of Nationalist, he has received promotions quickly in the last few years. In 1953 he was full of the "day of liberation." The American Seventh Fleet now was no longer protecting the Chinese Communists and soon the Chinese Nationalists, he said, would strike back and reconquer the mainland. All then was life and fire and certainly Chen gave the impression that 1954 at least must be liberation year.

THIS time when I saw Chen, on the surface he was still the same, almost incoherent with his own enthusiasm. But the conversation quickly got around to the subject of a cease-fire in the Straits. In 1953 this would have been sheer heresy. Today Chen admits that there is a tacit cease-fire in the Formosa Straits and does not seem too sorry about it. Of course, he adds, the Chinese Nationalists can never agree openly to a formal cease-fire. This he claims would make it quite clear that Nationalist China had given up all hopes of getting back to the mainland. And if the Nationalist Government did this, he warns, morale on the island would collapse overnight. There would be nothing left to work for. Chen, in other words, seems resigned to his island base. Noting the change in this most fanatical of the Nationalists, I suggested perhaps that Nationalist China's theme—hope of getting back to the mainland—now lay in a political uprising in favor of the Chinese Nationalists on the mainland rather than in a military reconquest. Chen agreed at once and launched forth into a tirade which seemed to center around the drowning of several million Chinese in the mainland China floods.

As the Chinese Communists were so unpopular, I asked Chen if he did not think that the best way to block for all time their claim to Formosa would be to hold a plebiscite on the island. Both Mr. Adlai Stevenson and Sir Anthony Eden had suggested this. Chen's answer was the one I expected. Yes, the Nationalists would agree to a plebiscite if a vote was held on the mainland as well!

Nonetheless the whole question of a poll of Taiwanese opinion does raise the question, by whom would the inhabitants on Formosa like to be ruled if they are given a free choice? There are three obvious alternatives: the Communists; the Nationalists; or a Taiwanese Government.

IT IS not easy to give an answer as to what the people of Formosa would like to happen. For Taiwanese opinion generally is not articulate and in any case it is very difficult to penetrate the barrier between any Westerner and the indigenous population. The Chinese Nationalist Government discourages any attempts by visitors to poll, however discreetly, Taiwanese opinion.

One thing, however, seems fairly certain. That is that the Taiwanese are in agreement with the Nationalist Chinese in not wanting a Communist government on the island. As far as I could see, Communism in the last two years has grown less rather than more attractive to the Taiwanese. Probably not more than 3,000 people altogether are interned on the island for Communist sympathies. This may seem a large number, but it is considerably less than in 1949 to 1951.

The Taiwanese who have no particular love for the Nationalists have no obvious reason for wanting to swap one lot of mainland rulers for another. Under Land Reform the Taiwanese farmer is enjoying a prosperity that he has never had before. Taxes may be high, but so, relatively, is his income. As one Taiwanese farmer said to me, "Here on Taiwan the government gives us land; on the Mainland the government takes away the land from the farmer."

Then too I was told that the Taiwanese commercial classes have done very well financially out of the Nationalists and they have no particular desire to see the Communists come in and take away their profits. In most cases the people who are well housed and well clothed on Formosa are the Taiwanese. Most of the cheap labor is mainland Chinese.

If not the Communists, who do the Taiwanese want? Governor Yen, the Nationalist leader, of course told me that the Taiwanese were more than contented with their

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share of the government under the Nationalists. He pointed out, quite accurately, that the majority of the civil servants, both national and provincial, are Taiwanese and that 56 out of the 57 members of the Provincial Assembly are islanders. He denied that there was any move or desire on the part of the islanders to have any other government than the Nationalist Government. Such a view is held not only by the government but by many leading American officials such as General Chase when he was here. Resident foreign correspondents belittle any "Taiwan for the Taiwanese" movements.

THE only outspoken comment in favor of Taiwanese rule I heard by a government official was by the Speaker of the Provincial Assembly. Himself a Taiwanese away from the island for 25 years, he maintains that the people of Taiwan are not satisfied with the share of the government that they have now. Measures passed by the Provincial Assembly can be vetoed by the Nationalist Premier Yui and usually are if Chiang disapproves. The Speaker of the Assembly, to the obvious discomfort of the Nationalist Government official accompanying me, said that the Taiwanese want to run their own Parliament. But he stopped short of claiming again the over-all right for the Taiwanese to run the island.

Perhaps one of the times when such an issue came nearest to being decided by vote was in the campaign for the Mayor of Taipeh. The Nationalists had picked their candidate, General Wang, to be elected without opposition. In the early stages they did not bother to campaign. But then a Taiwanese, energetic and forceful, came forward as an official candidate. His whole campaign was based on the argument "Taipeh for the Taiwanese." He demanded the right to run Taipeh not for the Nationalist Government but for the people of the city. And he won. The Nationalist defeat came, I was told, as a shock for Chiang's Government.

The missionaries in Taiwan are some of the few Westerners who are in close contact with the Taiwanese. But they are divided in their views on whether the Taiwanese really want to run the island for themselves or not. The English missionaries in Taiwan in the southern part are quite sure that the whole of Taiwan is seething with a desire to get rid of the Nationalists. They even list the various demands in order for a staged withdrawal of Chiang's Government on which the Taiwanese insist. But who these organized Taiwanese nationalists are, the missionaries cannot say. Canadian missionaries, such as the McKays in Tamsui, maintain that on the contrary the Taiwanese are content to live under the Nationalists. Mrs. McKay told me that in 1947 during the Nationalist excesses and the executions in Taipeh, the movement for Taiwanese independence was strong. But she adds that thanks to education, land reform and government participation the islanders are now satisfied.

What seemed to me the best and most realistic assessment of the Taiwanese demands for independence from the Nationalists was given to me by an old established and knowledgeable Britisher. He believes that talk about "what the Taiwanese want" is bound to be misleading. Some Taiwanese, the landlords for instance, would probably prefer the Japanese back. Others with Nationalist Government contracts are content for the Nationalists to remain. The majority of Taiwanese, this Britisher feels, probably have a vague desire to be free of all outsiders but this feeling has not, and under Chiang's security system cannot become an effective, well-organized political force.

In any case, my British friend adds, independence for the Taiwanese is out of the question while General Chiang Kai-shek is still alive. And the Generalissimo is reported to be in very good health.

"But," continues this Britisher, "even if Chiang and his immediate entourage were gone there would still remain a million and a half Chinese Nationalists on the island. And this group by their very energy and ability will always dominate the Taiwanese who are by their nature easy going, and, at the moment, less well educated. A plebiscite might decide in favor of Taiwanese independence," he adds, "but effective power would remain for at least two decades in the hands of the Chinese."

MY British friend concludes by pointing to two things that in the long run may bring the Taiwanese up to positions where they can take over real control of the country. The first is the number of Taiwanese now going to secondary schools and University. Before the war the Taiwanese went to University in ones and twos each year; now they go by the hundreds. In the future it will be by the thousands. The Taiwanese are slowly building up a cadre of skilled administrators who one day will be able to run the country. The second trend in favor of the Taiwanese is the fact that their birth rate is higher than that of the Chinese. I tried to get figures from the Provincial government as to the number of Taiwanese and Nationalist Chinese children born each year. The Governor promised to let me have them but never did. However, there is no doubt that the Taiwanese rate is higher. Many of the Nationalist Chinese were middle aged when they came over to Formosa. Many left their wives behind; others their whole families. There is a marriage problem amongst Nationalist Chinese males and most of them are unwilling to marry Taiwanese. So as the years go by, this British observer reports, the ratio of Taiwanese to Chinese on the island must increase. Consequently the Taiwanese control of affairs and likelihood of complete independence is bound to grow. It may be therefore that time, in its slow and unseen ways, will work out a solution on Formosa that the Chinese, Nationalist and Communist, do not welcome and yet cannot prevent.

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What Makes a Good Candidate?

by Robert E. Fitch

Now that Eisenhower's illness has given us an open field for Presidential candidates, it is a good time to ask what constitutes "political appeal" in a public figure. And who has it—an Adlai, or an Ave, a Dick, or a Goodie, or a Tom? Whatever it may be, it is this power of appeal that makes a good candidate.

To some extent it is possible to separate the man as candidate from the man as incumbent. What helps a politician to get elected is not necessarily identical with what enables him to hold on to his office once he gets it. One remembers that when the exceedingly personable Jimmy Walker was put up to run on the Democratic ticket for mayor of New York City, the question was asked, "Will he make a good mayor?" and this question had its sufficient answer with, "No, but what a candidate!" The unhappy conclusion of Jimmy's career will suggest that, if the candidate for office does not also have some talents for administration, he may bring discredit upon himself and disgrace upon his party. But this does not alter the fact that political appeal is not perfectly correlated with professional competence.

What I mean to offer here is a formula for the generic, not the specific, analysis of political appeal, in order that we may discriminate three kinds of candidates: the Average Man, the Aristocrat and the Leader. The Average Man has his strength in his kinship with the people, and in his lack of any distinctive qualities. The Aristocrat has his power in superior gifts of character, of intellect and of intuition. The Leader is one who combines the Average Man and the Aristocrat: who is really one of the people in a way that they can acknowledge, and yet surpasses them in ways essential to his function.

The Average Man has his political appeal in what are called normal times. But such times may be normal only in terms of political activity. The great epoch of the reign of the Average Man in the White House covers the period from Lincoln to Theodore Roosevelt. It is interesting that almost all of these mediocre Presidents, whose names we can scarcely remember today, were Republicans. The Average Man suited the political occasion because the real brains and genius of the country at that time were turned into industrial and financial concerns.

It needs to be said also that normalcy exists mainly as a public state of mind. The American people will elect a normal man to the Presidency because they are resolved to believe in normalcy. The greatest Avatar of the Average was Calvin Coolidge. Yet we know now that when he presided over our national destinies, the times were anything but normal. However, as William Allen White put it, even while our private and public morality looked toward Babylon, we wished to believe that we were still loyal to the Puritan ideals of thrift, integrity, hard work and plain living. Shrewd and silent and complacent Cal was the perfect idol and symbol for our yearnings.

When in 1936 the Republican Party set up a reincarnation of the Coolidge archetype in Alfred M. Landon, it misjudged the times. In the mid-thirties we were learning to get a thrill out of government by crisis. There are some indications that now we are about fed up with crisis, and would like to return to normalcy. If such is the present mood of the American people, the Republican Party could not possibly put forward a better candidate than Governor Goodwin Knight of California.

Knight is one of the purest of pure politicians in the game today. Like Harry Truman, he admits it and is proud of it. When Knight was still struggling toward the Governor's post, he set himself off from Governor Warren by playing along with conservatives and reactionaries. Once he got into office, he reversed his line, adopted the liberal policies of his predecessor, and suddenly became the ardent friend of organized labor. He has not yet shown an equal concern for civil rights and liberties, or for the state's great institutions of higher education.

Truman

Indeed there are few men in public office so utterly without intellectual distinction as Goodwin Knight. But it would be a grave error, on that account, to underestimate his power of political appeal. His endowments in this respect are enormous. He is a somewhat more canny Mortimer Snerd who can win a popularity contest against any elegant and glib-tongued Charlie McCarthy by the sheer appeal of his ingenuous and engaging personality. When he overwhelmed his Democratic opponent for Governor a year ago, he demonstrated the

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triumph of affability over intelligence. The fact that he doesn't always talk sense is irrelevant; he never fails to warm the cockles of the heart. Indeed, Goodie is the Average Man for our times, with an ebullient good humor, an unaffected delight in folks, a power of positive thinking, and a zest for confident living, that infect all who come near him with their contagion. He is mediocre to the point of magnificence!

MacArthur

As for the pure Aristocrat, his chances for the Presidency are always very low. He may make it as Senator, or as Governor, or even as a distinguished member of the Cabinet. But it is unlikely that he will ever be elected to the highest office in the land. What he lacks, quite simply, is the common touch.

One thinks here of some men of very great abilities—the late Senator Robert Taft, Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles, Charles Evans Hughes and perhaps Tom Dewey. All of these men are intellectuals in politics. They bring to their task a discipline of mind, a habit of thoroughness, an efficiency in action, which set them away above their colleagues. When they do win a large public following, it will be through a sheer brilliance of achievement, like that of Hughes or Dewey, which may reconcile the public to the lack of the common touch in the candidate. There is always the bare possibility that such a man will win highest office at some moment when we are willing to follow, not just a Leader who is still one of us, but a sort of demi-god, whose quality is far above our own, but in whose idealism and competence we have learned to trust. Nevertheless, there will be too many plain folk who say of this demi-god, what they would never say of Goodie Knight, "he leaves me cold!"

Harriman

When an Eisenhower displaces a MacArthur as candidate, it is because there is too much of the pure Aristocrat in a MacArthur. We are glad to vote for a Leader whom we can call Ike while still retaining our respect for him. It is scarcely possible to vote for a man whom we would not think of calling Mac without fear of giving him personal offense. When a Harry Truman finally licks a Tom Dewey, it is the triumph of the Average Man over the Aristocrat. Doubtless many factors entered into the shifts in voting and the abstentions from voting in the campaign of 1948. But one factor certainly was that, toward the climax, one felt increasingly the humility and the courage of the Average Man and the arrogance and complacency of the Aristocrat.

It is a peculiar weakness of the Aristocrat, when he is an intellectual, that he is apt to be an individualist who has never mastered the important arts of political co-operation and team-work. This is illustrated in the two Douglases—the Senator and the Justice—as well as in a Wayne Morse, or a Henry Agard Wallace. Off-hand each of these men would seem to meet the requirements of the Leader: the natural kinship with the plain people of the country, plus the superior endowments of mind which fit them for pre-eminence. But neither a Douglas, nor a Morse, nor a Wallace, knows how to call forth the loyalty and devotion of his colleagues in a consistent pattern of co-operation. Such an Aristocrat is a Lone Wolf, not a Leader of the Pack.

While I am not too sure about it, I have a notion that Senator Kefauver belongs in a group with Morse and the Douglases. It may be questioned, only, whether Kefauver has the intellectual endowments of the other three men. One has a nervous feeling that this bright young man doesn't know as much about statesmanship as he thinks he does; that his inability to elicit support from his colleagues in Congress is due, more than to envy and resentment, to a basic ineptitude in the higher arts of government. If it be granted that he is a skilled showman, then his appeal must be to the infants and the atavists, the appeal of a Disneyfied Davy Crockett who will restore us to the grand simplicities of courage and moral purity in politics. There is here something which the Aristocrat-As-Intellectual too easily brings into public affairs—something callow and unseasoned, a radical immaturity, a naïveté that we can scarcely call wholesome. Perhaps all that it amounts to is a lack of good judgment.

Douglas

When we turn our attention from the Aristocrat to the Leader, we may remark that two of our most recent Leaders—Truman and Eisenhower—make a very similar appeal to the American public. Each of them is unmistakably a man of the people. The Average Man shines through Harry's whole career and personality. With Ike it is reflected not just in his humble beginnings but in the ineradicable democracy of disposition which has radiated from the man even when he was loaded with the highest honors.

What lifted Truman above the merely Average Man into the ranks of Leader was his superlative courage: the courage that showed itself so decisively against Communist aggression in Greece, in Berlin and in Korea; the courage, way beyond that of any mere politician, which made him bold to split his party over the civil-rights issue, and to stand adamant for civil liberties throughout his Presidency. What lifts Eisenhower above the merely average is his superlative integrity of character.

Eisenhower

General Eisenhower, like General Washington, should remind us that the aristocratic element in the Leader of a democracy is a quality of character rather than a quality

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of intellect. The radical failure of so many intellectuals to make a true assessment of Eisenhower's talents in 1952 lay at just this point. They were looking for some genius of mind, which they did not find in Ike and which they did find in Adlai.

General Eisenhower has no more brilliance of intellect than did George Washington. But each of these men had, or has, something which the intellectuals competing with them may lack—the ability to lead others.

I think I began to learn this lesson some years ago when I had to appear on the program of a Los Angeles breakfast club along with the Governor of the state, a college glee club, and other assorted items of entertainment. It was not just vanity, I believe, when I compared my 10-minute discourse with Governor Warren's 20-minute speech, and wondered how he could say such a great deal less in such a great deal more time. But it was the characteristic error of the intellectual that I should have judged Warren's merits as a statesman by the sort of speech he made, and then assumed that one who could talk only in terms of the trite would be capable of acting only on the level of the commonplace.

Warren

It took me a little time to learn. Chief Justice Warren is not an aristocrat of the intellect. He is an aristocrat of character. He is a good politician, a good boss of his own party, a good administrator, a good family man, a good constitutional lawyer, a good defender of human rights and liberties, a good embodiment of the best ideals of democracy in public office—to the point where the sum total of so many positive goodness adds up to a superlative degree of excellence. As a candidate for public office he may be a trifle stolid; as an incumbent of public office he is unquestionably solid.

It is a curious fact that the so-called party of the common people, the Democratic Party, has recently offered us Leaders in whom the Aristocrat was more pronounced than the Average Man. Franklin D. Roosevelt was an Aristocrat by birth and breeding and manner. He was also above the average in his superb courage and in his humanitarian impulses. These were virtues that he learned perhaps when he passed through a terrible illnesses, in the shadow of which he always lived. But these were also the qualities that gave him a natural kinship with the common man, and with a whole nation that had to fight its way up from depression and through war.

The Democratic Party has another Aristocrat for candidate in Adlai Stevenson. This one is an Aristocrat by intellect as well as by birth and breeding and manner. His spiritual prototype is Woodrow Wilson. Both men share in the Calvinist heritage of intellectual discipline and of austere moral idealism. But with Stevenson—the Unitarian, or left-wing Calvinist—we knock out the Presbyterian austerity and substitute personal graciousness and charm. This is Wilson with a wisecrack.

Can Stevenson make it? Rephrase the question: Is there in this Aristocrat enough of the Average Man to give the people a real sense of kinship with him so that he can at last be the Leader? If he is to be such a Leader, he will have to rid himself of the air of an heroic Hamlet with which he first came on the national scene. He will have to go after the nomination, unhampered by the Gethsemane complex with which he acquiesced in it before; and he will have to fight his campaign, unclouded by the Golgotha complex which overshadowed it in 1952. He will also have to come down a bit from that very high plane where he likes to commune with the minds of men, and learn that human beings are creatures of faith and hope and love as well as of reason, and that it is as necessary to touch their hearts as to titillate their intellects.

Stevenson

It is true that, once this Hamlet makes up his mind to it, he can put on a splendid exhibition of fighting guts. And when courage is linked with integrity of character and proved professional competence, it is a big element in political appeal. Moreover, if Stevenson has to come up against Nixon, another tough fighting man, then Stevenson will have the advantage of having already displayed an additional type of courage, the courage to be one's self. Coming as he did after Harry Truman, the Leader with a preponderance of the Average Man, it was not so easy to present himself to the public as the Leader with a preponderance of the Aristocrat. That Stevenson had this courage to be himself is all in his favor with the electorate.

Nixon

Richard Nixon up to this point has been too busy as the master politician and as the faithful servant of his boss in the White House to give us a real insight into his true self. In disagreement with a good many critics I am disposed to think that, when that self is fully revealed, we shall be surprised at its statesmanlike breadth and maturity. But what many of us will not like will be the very fact of the surprise. We shall be wondering where Nixon kept that self hidden for so long, and whether or not this admirable self which is so suddenly put on view may not as readily be tucked out of sight when the display of it is less appropriate.

If Stevenson has to come up against a Goodwin Knight, then the Aristocrat may well fall before the Average Man. But if Stevenson runs against a Richard Nixon, then, of two men who pretend to be genuine Leaders, the public is apt to prefer the unmistakable statesman to the patent politician, prefer the man who sticks to his principles on principle to the man who exercises his principles only out of motives of expediency.

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"Hunting Elephants with Popguns"

by Bob Senser

Organizing the millions of wage earners who still do not belong to unions is recognized by both the AFL and CIO as their number one job after the coming merger. CIO President Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers union has already authorized a contribution of $1.5 million toward such a campaign to organize the unorganized, and UAW Vice President John Livingston has been named Director of Organization in the new federation. "A united labor movement," Reuther recently explained, "will have the resources and can raise the necessary money and provide the needed staff to launch a comprehensive and effective organizational crusade. We can organize the chemical, textile, wood and other basic industries and bring through organization higher wages and improved working conditions."

George Meany, the new president of the combined groups, is doing his best to spread this enthusiasm to other unions.

Mr. Senser's story illustrates what organizing with scant resources and staff is like today.

OVER on Mill Row, the rice mills stand like silver castles against the black sky. In a small frame hall a few blocks away, Rice Workers Local 321 is meeting as it has monthly for two years, not to assault the castles but to rebuild them.

The secretary says a brief opening prayer: "Lord . . . bless us through this meeting. We know that without you we cannot do nothing." A few among the 35 members there—25 whites and 10 Negroes — add a low Amen. Local 321 of the National Agricultural Workers Union (AFL) is ready to get down to business. The business before it is a crisis, the latest of many for a struggling local of 300 members in the non-union community of Crowley, La. (pop. 14,000).

Joe Guidry

Tonight, as a slight drizzle falls outside, the membership meeting must reach a decision on this crucial issue: Should it sign a contract with one of Crowley's four unionized rice mills, a historic contract which provides for an attractive 20-cent hourly wage increase? Or should it continue fighting for the rights of 34 workers whose cases—charging loss of job because of union activity—are pending before the National Labor Relations Board? The local must choose one course or the other.

For men and women earning from 80 cents to $1 an hour, an increase of 20 cents is like a pot of gold. Besides, this is the first contract the local has negotiated with the Crowley mill of Louisiana Rice Growers, Inc.—the mill which, according to some wiseacres around town, "would never give in and sign a union contract."

Just 11 months ago the union won an NLRB election at the mill, 34-32. Four days later 34 workers were told there was no work for them, at least not for a while. The word got around quickly along Mill Row: the 34 workers were those who had expressed themselves as pro-union, both in conversations around the mill and at the NLRB ballot box. True, in recent weeks the mill has called back most of the 34—there are conflicting reports as to the exact number. But what about all the paychecks they lost? What about the men whom the mill has refused to rehire, including the president of the local? Could the union turn its back on these?

And yet, as a practical matter, could the union make the NLRB charges stick? At least one key witness has refused to testify, for fear of losing a part-time political job. What to do? The pros and cons have the union officers in a sweat. Sitting on the sidelines is Joe Guidry, of nearby LaFayette, La., staff representative of the national union, the man who headed the campaign to organize Local 321. Most of his day was spent discussing the contract issue with various key people in the local. He decided, around the supper table, not to take a position. ("The people ought to make up their own minds. They'll have to do it when I'm pulled out of here on some other campaign.")

But Joe Guidry the union leader, Joe Guidry the chief negotiator, cannot keep his thoughts to himself. He stirs in his seat, and the chairman says: "Brother Joe has something to say."

Brother Joe looks around the small hall, rented for $2 a meeting from a Negro club. There are only five people present from the Louisiana Rice Growers mill. Where are the 70 others? Were they afraid to show up, or didn't they care enough to brave the rain? (Seven others do finally come in just before the meeting closes.)

Bob Senser is the assistant editor of Work, *the publication of the Catholic Labor Alliance.*

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> If you members want us to sign that contract [Joe Guidry says] we will, of course. But I think this is a matter of principle. Sure, the people would get 20 cents an hour more, and God knows they need it. But put yourself in the place of one of those who still hasn't his old job back. What would you say then? Would you think that you were worth sacrificing for 20 cents an hour?

A veteran rice worker shouts: "No!" Four or five heads shake negatively.

Guidry points out that on March 1, 1956, the new federal minimum wage will go into effect, and since the company will have to grant a wage increase at that time anyway, the 20 cents isn't the bargain it seems to be. Besides, the mill wants a short-term contract expiring April 1, 1956. "You know how they're getting ready for that," Guidry says. "They're hiring a lot of non-union people so that they can have a decertification election to kick the union out of the place then."

Somebody grunts, "That's right." A woman, one of the ill-fated 34 (but recently rehired), rises to offer a very personal argument: "I don't see how signing the contract will help me."

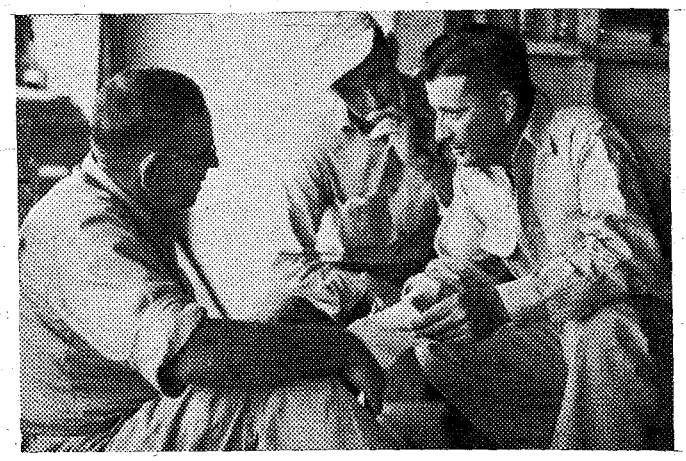
By then the majority sentiment is clear. Nobody speaks in favor of accepting the contract. The vote to reject it is unanimous. Tomorrow Guidry will phone the mill lawyer and tell him so.

There are more crises around the corner, however. What will the NLRB do? What will management say at the next bargaining session? What will be the reaction of absent members when they learn the union has turned down a big wage increase?

For that matter, what will the new AFL-CIO do about organizing farm workers and agricultural processing workers? The future of Local 321 is woven inextricably with the unorganized mass in the farm labor force, particularly the thousands of other rice workers in Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas.

AFTER spending a few days among Crowley rice workers you get the feeling that these people feel terribly alone, isolated from the rest of the labor movement. "All but forgotten," was the way one old-timer put it. Joe Guidry, ex-schoolteacher, is now the only full-time organizer with the National Agricultural Workers Union, whose staff has always been tiny. Crowley, La., is the only place in Louisiana that the NAWU even has a collective-bargaining contract.

The harvest is plentiful (apart from migratory workers, at least 1.2 million wage-earners make their living in commercial agriculture), but the union laborers are few. In New Jersey, an AFL Meat and Cannery Workers local has won a union shop contract for all field and processing workers on Seabrook Farms, a 50,000-acre corporation farm project. In Louisiana, the CIO United Packinghouse Workers Union has a strong foothold in the sugar refineries. In California and Connecticut the AFL Brotherhood of Teamsters has drawn dairy-farm milkers into its wide and firm embrace.



Joe Guidry talking with a worker with a grievance

But outside of these and a few other successes, US commercial farms and their nearby processing plants are a vast graveyard of lost strikes, fruitless organizing campaigns, and disillusioned organizers. Local 321 of Crowley may or may not join the casualty list, but as it struggles for survival it dramatizes organized labor's problems, frustrations and opportunities in the agricultural industry.

Crowley's rice workers, like other processing workers, do have an edge over field employees. When laid off, the mill workers get up to $25 a week in unemployment compensation, and when injured on the job, up to $30 a week in workmen's compensation. The Fair Labor Standards Act guarantees them time-and-a-half for overtime (the whole town booms when the mills are on overtime in the late summer and fall). The Taft-Hartley Act offers its protection for self-organization. But field workers are excluded from these basic benefits.

Despite the sanction which government gives unions in agricultural processing, the attitude toward organization in Southern rice mills is typically rural: the organization of owners and operators is as natural as water in a rice paddy; the organization of workers is as natural as weeds. The Rice Millers Association, with headquarters in New Orleans, counts in its membership 48 mills in three states. Through Local 321 the NAWU has a precarious hold in four of the 14 rice mills of Crowley, which calls itself the "Rice Capital of the World."

Employers in Crowley are more moderate than the aristocrats who rule the sugar-cane plantations to the east, where in 1953 the owners refused even to sit down with the NAWU despite the personal intervention of the Archbishop of New Orleans and despite a costly strike (which ended in disaster to the union). Yet even the liberal mill owner in Crowley straggles far behind the steel mill industrialist, for example. Joint labor-management committees in steel mills are routine. When Local 321 suggested one to cut the high accident rate that afflicts Mill Row, the owner threw up his hands, and delivered a brief lecture on management prerogatives.

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Even active unionists tend to grasp at strange straws for support. "You don't know how they do us in them mills," one worker complained. His solution: "If only the merchants in this town would get back of us, we would get somewhere."

Yet such management attitudes would change if rank-and-file support for the union were vigorous. In his more despondent moments, Joe Guidry says: "The average worker in a rural area wants big city benefits brought to him on a silver platter—he won't fight for them."

The notion of dual loyalty—to both the union and the employer—has not yet grown deep in Crowley, mostly because of a long management tradition of uprooting it. Earl Wilson, a tall Negro, had something you might call dual loyalty. From the age of 14 on, Earl Wilson carried 100-pound sacks of rice in a mill warehouse department. For 37 years he worked as hard as any other man in the mills, and then some, even in the days when the pay was $1 a day.

Many times, however, he longed to be active in a union. In 1947, when an AFL Teamsters staff man came to town, he got his chance. He signed up for Card No. 1 in the local union which the Teamsters tried to establish. When the union called a strike to win recognition, Wilson was on the picket line, day in and day out, rain or shine. He walked it for five months, often alone toward the end.

After the strike was lost and the local wrecked, Wilson had no job left at the mill. For the past eight years he and his wife have been supporting eight children on part-time work. One of his motives for going all-out for unionism was to make the mills better for his sons. One of his boys did apply for a mill job. "They asked if he was Earl Wilson's son, and that was the end of it," Wilson says.

Although he no longer works in the mills, Local 321 has elected Wilson sergeant-at-arms. But his greatest distinction is being Crowley's Exhibit A of what can happen to a man who gets tagged as an "agitator."

FEAR, not just apathy, is Local 321's main obstacle in getting support. Fear of being transferred to a less desirable job. Fear of being laid off. Fear of not being called back to work after a seasonal lay-off. One powerful fact restricts the freedom of the Crowley rice worker: he does not have the assurance that another job is available somewhere nearby in case he loses this one. The Negroes face racial barriers, of course, but even among the whites few have the versatility of Roy Stewart, Local 321 president, who went to work on a nearby oil field after a rice mill discharged him.

Stewart's case, like the others, is being fought before the NLRB. But the local must also contend with other kinds of employer pressure much more difficult to challenge before the Board. A few days before an NLRB election, for example, one mill owner threw a chicken barbecue. It was a small but worthwhile investment. The gesture—combined with carefully worded promises of a bonus, Guidry claims—swung the election against Local 321 by a 47-13 vote.

"If only we could've thrown a barbecue, that might have cancelled out theirs," Guidry says. But NAWU doesn't have the money for such trimmings. Since a dues check-off is in effect at only one small mill, the treasury can't bear the expense even of a monthly supper for the executive board.

ON THE hopeful side, the local does seem to have won toleration, or better, from the community. Its unsegregated meetings, the only in Crowley, go unquestioned. Guidry, who remembers vividly how the police of Franklin, La., ran him out of town in 1953, is treated like an ordinary citizen by local police.

This community acceptance is due, in part at least, to the local's political potential. While small in numbers, the local does have enough men (such as Earl Wilson) who go out and hustle on and before election day. The registrar of voters used to have a habit of going home when a Negro appeared to register. According to Wilson, the Teamster organizer told the registrar in 1947: "If you're tired of registering Negroes, let me know and I'll get someone else to do it." Things started changing from then on. Today two of Crowley's eight councilmen are Negroes. "And now," says Wilson, "if you aren't registered, they ask you how come."

Another reason for the local's acceptance is that it isn't "radical." It has never called a strike—in fact, outside speakers at Local 321 meetings are warned not to engage in strike talk. The disastrous 1953 sugar cane strike has sobered Guidry and others on the possibility of a small union winning a strike against a vastly more powerful employers' organization, especially in Louisiana's present political climate (complete with a "right to work" law).

"The way the fellows feel at times," says Guidry, "you could give a strong speech at a meeting and whip up enough anger to get them to run right out and tear the mills apart. But that would be the end of Local 321."

At crucial meetings—such as the one on the 20-cent wage offer—there are repeated references to "working within the law." Proud of the local's record, Arthur Smith, Local 321's prayerful secretary, says: "When we meet management, we don't have to look down—we can look them into the face."

At present Local 321 doesn't have the opportunity to face many managements. With only four mills unionized, there remain in Crowley at least 25 non-union rice establishments—mills, rice driers and warehouses. Dispersed among these are about 1,700 workers, within Local 321's jurisdiction but outside its ranks.

The battle of organizing such dispersed workers is an uneven one for a local with a small treasury and one organizer. "It's like hunting an elephant with a pop-gun," Guidry says. Perhaps the merged AFL-CIO will supply a few more adequate weapons.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Woodrow Wilson's Approach to Politics

by Walter Lippmann

RE-ASSESSMENT: 1955

WOODROW WILSON wrote his *Congressional Government, a Study in American Politics* in 1883 and 1884. When he reread it in 1900 (in order to do a preface to the fifteenth printing), he had such serious misgivings about it that he warned his readers of new developments that "may put this whole volume hopelessly out of date." Soon thereafter he thought they had, and in 1908 he wrote another book, his *Constitutional Government in the United States* to supersede it. In this second book are the main ideas which Wilson took with him to the White House in 1912.

The basic difference between the first book and the second is in the conception of the power of the President. When Wilson was writing his *Congressional Government*, he supposed that Congress was necessarily the central and predominant power in the American system, and that the Presidency had become an ineffectual office. But at the turn of the century and after the war with Spain and America's entrance into world politics, he took a radically opposite view: the President was again, as in the early days of the Republic, "at the front of affairs." It was because the center of power had moved from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other that Wilson thought this book was out of date.

And so it was if we judge the book as Wilson himself always judged it — as an attempt to describe realistically how the American constitutional system works. The fact is that at times the system works as he describes it in this book and at other times it works as he describes it in the second book. For what he did in this first book was to give a clinical description of a disease, not permanent but recurrent, to which the system is subject. With the fresh eye of genius, and with the intuitions of a man who is born to govern, he described the breakdown of government in the aftermath of the Civil War. The book deals with the American system in the twenty dangerous and humiliating years between the death of Lincoln and the rise of Grover Cleveland. It is the first analytical description of what happens when the President is weak and helpless, of how power and responsibility disintegrate when the members of Congress, and more specifically their standing committees, are predominant. Some of the factual details are no longer correct. But the morbid symptoms which he identified are still clearly recognizable when the disease recurs, and there is a relapse into Congressional supremacy. This was a good book to read during the Harding Administration. It was a good book to have read at the end of the Truman and at the beginning of the Eisenhower Administrations. It is one to be taken to heart by all who have seen the ravages of McCarthyism.

WOODROW WILSON was a graduate student at Johns Hopkins when in the summer of 1884 he finished writing this book. He was then 28 years old. After an unhappy year of trying without much success to practice law in Atlanta, he had returned, as if from exile, to the academic life. He had escaped from the "dreadful drudgery" of the law office, he had become engaged to Ellen Axson, he was no longer "buried in humdrum life down . . . in slow, ignorant, uninteresting Georgia," and he was able again to satisfy his "passion for original work . . . to become a master of philosophical discourse, to become capable and apt in instructing as great a number of persons as possible." His "plain necessity," he wrote to his friend, Heath Dabney, was "some profession which will afford me a moderate support, favorable conditions for study, and considerable leisure; what better can I be, therefore, than a professor, a lecturer upon subjects whose study most delights me?"

This book was his first work after he had come to his decision to give up the law and to go into teaching. But he did not mean to stay there. It is evident enough from his letter to Dabney that he thought of teaching as a way station, as a means of earning a living, of having the leisure to study political philosophy and history, and of preparing himself for his true vocation in the great world. His true vocation was political leadership. He had had no doubts about that since his undergraduate days at Princeton. In the terms of his Presbyterian doctrine he had since then known himself to be a predestined and foreordained agent who was being "guided by an intelligent power outside himself." So sure was he of his vocation that in his senior year at Princeton he had entered into "a solemn covenant" with his friend and classmate, Charles Talcott. Some four years later when he went to Johns Hopkins, he remembered the covenant. In a letter written to Ellen Axson, shortly after they became engaged, he wrote that Talcott and he had pledged themselves that

> . . . we would school all our powers and passions for the work of establishing the principles we held in common; that we would acquire knowledge that we might have power; and that we would drill ourselves in all the arts of persuasion, but especially in oratory . . . that we might have facility in leading others into our ways of thinking and enlisting them in our purposes.

The covenant with his friend Charles Talcott bears upon the general feeling and animus of the book. The young Wilson believed that the American constitutional system is radically defective and that it should be made over on the British model. For Congressional government, as he describes it in this book, offers nothing but misery and frustration for the kind of public man that Wilson was preparing himself to be. He aspired to acquire power because he could shape opinion by his oratory, and under Congressional government it was in the standing committees that power was traded and manipulated.

It is interesting, I think, that ambitious as he was and dedicated to a political career, the young Wilson seems never to have aspired to be President. That was not because he thought the Presidency was too high for him. It was because he saw that power, which was what he cared about, was in Congress. The ambition of the young Wil-

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son was to be a Senator from Virginia, and he prepared himself for his destiny by making himself, through much practice, into an effective orator. He believed that as Congress was the predominant power in the American system, oratory was, or rather that oratory should be, the means of leading Congress. In the English system, as Wilson supposed it to be, governments were made and were unmade in Parliament by the great orators, like Gladstone.

By the age of twenty-two, in the year 1879, when he was still a senior at Princeton, Wilson had reached the main ideas with which he started when he came to write this book. They are to be found in an article which was published in the *International Review* for August 1879. (The editor, curiously enough, who accepted this article was his great future adversary, Henry Cabot Lodge.) The article is entitled "Cabinet Government in the United States." A responsible cabinet, he argued, was the remedy for Congressional Government —for that "despotic authority wielded under the forms of free government" by "our national Congress . . . a despotism which uses its power with all the caprice, all the scorn for settled policy, all the wild unrestraint which marked the methods of other tyrants as hateful to freedom."

When we ask ourselves why it did not occur to him to look to Presidential leadership for a remedy, we must remember the times in which he was living. Wilson was a Southerner, born in Staunton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856. He had spent his boyhood in Atlanta, Georgia, where his family moved when he was an infant. After the Civil War, the family went to South Carolina, where his father, Dr. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, became professor of theology in the seminary at Columbia. Wilson had grown up amidst the ruins of the Civil War and in the tragic aftermath of the Reconstruction. He was nine years old when Lincoln died. The Presidents during his lifetime had been Andrew Johnson, General Grant and Rutherford B. Hayes, whose title was clouded, and they were followed by Garfield and Chester Arthur. It was from these Presidents that Wilson drew the conclusion, which was decisive for the constitutional theory of his nonage, that the Presidential office is insignificant. He was disgusted with the contemporary political scene: "eight words contain the sum of the present degradation of our political parties," he wrote, "no leaders, no principles; no principles, no parties."

In England, particularly in the England of Gladstone, whose portrait Wilson had hung over his desk, he saw what he missed at home. He read Green's *Short History of the English People*, and he found it had for him an "overmastering charm." He became convinced that the history of the English people is also the history of the American people. In this mood he read Walter Bagehot's *The English Constitution,* presumably in the American edition, which was published in February, 1877.

The American edition contained Bagehot's introduction to the second English edition. It is dated June 29, 1872. The whole book, but particularly, I would say, this introduction had a decisive influence on Wilson's thinking, and Wilson acknowledged it when he was working on his *Congressional Government.* In a letter to Ellen Axson he wrote that

> . . . it is my purpose to show as well as I can our constitutional system as it looks in operation. My desire and ambition are to treat the American Constitution as Mr. Bagehot (do you remember Mr. Bagehot, about whom I talked to you one night on the veranda at Asheville?) has treated the English Constitution. . . . He brings to the work a fresh and original method which has made the British system much more intelligible to ordinary men than it was before, and which, if it could be successfully applied to the exposition of our federal constitution, would result in something like a revelation to those who are still reading *The Federalist* as an authoritative constitutional manual.

But it was not only Bagehot's "fresh and original method" which inspired Wilson. He had become Bagehot's disciple, and he adopted, as his own, Bagehot's critique of the American Constitution. This critique was written in 1872 and in the light of the quarrel between President Andrew Johnson and the Congress. Bagehot said that after Lincoln's assassination

> . . . the characteristic evils of the Presidential system were shown most conspicuously . . . at the moment of all their history when it was most important to them to collect and concentrate all the strength and wisdom of their policy on the pacification of the South, that policy was divided by a strife in the last degree unseemly and degrading.

In one principal respect, Bagehot went on to say, "the English system" of parliamentary government is

> . . . by far the best . . . in each stage of a public transaction there is a discussion . . . the public assists at this discussion . . . it can, through Parliament, turn out an administration which is not doing as it likes, and can put in an administration which will do as it likes. But the character of a Presidential government is, in a multitude of cases, that there is no such discussion; that when there is a discussion the fate of the government does not turn upon it and, therefore, the people do not attend to it.

The young Wilson, oppressed by the spectacle of American politics, was ready to be convinced that for the reasons given by Bagehot the English system was better than the American. The American Congress was predominant. But it governed without genuine debate. Its power, which was divided among the standing committees, was not accountable to the opinion of the nation. No one spoke for the nation. Except for Lincoln, whom he admired but who, in his view, had ignored the Constitution, there had been no President in his lifetime who represented the national interest and could cope with the overriding power of the many standing committees of Congress. So the young Wilson concluded that the normal and permanent American system had come to be what it had been in his lifetime.

If that was the American system, then drastic changes would be necessary in it. For Congressional Government, which Wilson described fearlessly and faithfully in his book, was intolerably bad government. Wilson never doubted that for good government there must be a strong Executive. If the office of President had fallen irrevocably from that "first estate of dignity" which it had among the Founding Fathers, then the remedy for the radical defect of the system would lie in making a strong executive out of a responsible cabinet.

This had been, as I have been saying, Wilson's view since his Princeton days. In fact, just as he was starting to write this book, he had published in the *Overland Monthly* for January, 1884, an article called "Committee or Cabinet

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Government. It concludes with a paragraph saying that

> . . . Committee Government [which Wilson used as another name for Congressional Government] is too clumsy and too clandestine a system to last. Other methods of government must sooner or later be sought, a different economy established. First or last, Congress must be organized in conformity with what is now the prevailing legislative practice of the world. English precedent and the world's fashion must be followed in the institution of Cabinet Government in the United States.

But during the summer of 1884, while he was, in fact, finishing the manuscript of this book, Wilson began to undergo a fundamental change in his conception of the American system. Something happened then which caused him to refrain from mentioning the drastic reform—namely Cabinet Government on the British model—which he had advocated publicly shortly before. In the book the analysis of the evils of Congressional government still points towards Cabinet Government as the remedy. But Wilson was no longer willing, as he was a year before, to draw that conclusion. "I am pointing out facts," he says in his book, "diagnosing, not prescribing remedies."

Wilson's biographer, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, does not deal with the question why, as he was finishing *Congressional Government*, Wilson decided not to put forth the remedy which, when he started to write, he had put forward as something that "must" be applied. Yet this was a critical turning point in Wilson's development—a turning away from the constitutional notions of his nonage, and towards those which he acted upon when he became President. If I might hazard a guess, it would be to suggest that what caused him to see the problem of Congressional government in a new light was the rise of Grover Cleveland.

Cleveland was running for President in that summer of 1884 when Wilson was finishing his book. Now Cleveland was the first American public man in Wilson's own lifetime who aroused his interest in the office of President. He admired Cleveland and hoped ardently for his election. This may, then, have been why in that summer of 1884 he was no longer so sure that the remedy for the evils of Congressional government was reform on the English precedent. In Cleveland for the first time in his own experience he discerned the possibility that the office of President might be restored to that "first estate of dignity" from which it had "fallen" since "the early Presidents."

I must warn the reader that there is no hard fact known to me, no letter of Wilson's for example, which supports my hypotheses that he was influenced by the candidacy of Cleveland. It may be a mere coincidence. But it is true that until that summer Wilson had always supposed that contemporary Presidents "should wear a clean and irreproachable insignificance," that Congress was necessarily "predominant over its so-called co-ordinated branches." Since Congress "has virtually taken into its own hands all the substantial powers of government," the only way to create a strong executive was on the English precedent: to vest the executive power in a cabinet chosen as a committee of the Congress.

Soon after that he was no longer prepared to prescribe the remedy. If it was the appearance of Cleveland that caused him to doubt the need for the remedy, it is also true that the remedy belonged to the upper layers of his mind, not to the main body of his thinking. It was something he had borrowed, not something he had worked out by his own labor. He seems not to have paid much attention to the practical question of how so radical an alteration was to be brought about. So far as I know, Wilson's only published words on how to initiate the English system are in the article, *Committee or Cabinet Government*, which appeared in the *Overland Monthly* for January, 1884.

It would be necessary, he wrote, to amend Section 6 of Article I of the Constitution so as to permit members of Congress to hold offices as members of the Cabinet. . . . It would be necessary to extend the term of the President beyond four years . . . and the term of the Representatives beyond two years. . . . All in all Wilson devoted less than two pages to the ways and means of carrying out the reform, and he concluded rather hastily that "the admission of members of Congress to seats in the Cabinet would be the only change of principle called for by the new order of things." He appears to have assumed that the President would have a long term and would become a kind of republican monarch, the head of the state, but no longer the Chief Executive. Apparently for no better reason than that he did not think much about it, Wilson did not regard this revolutionary change in the Presidency as "a change of principle."

The truth, I believe, is that while Wilson's description of the evils of Congressional Government was deeply perceived and carefully studied from the living realities, the remedy of Cabinet Government on the English precedent was taken from a little reading. He adopted the remedy on faith when he was an undergraduate at Princeton. He continued to advocate it though in very general terms, for a few years after that. But there is nothing to show that he had studied the English system as he was studying the American, or that he took into account how much the American social order differed from the British—that he asked himself, for example, what was the role of the Crown and of the peerage and of hereditary rank in the operation of the English system. His attachment to the reform was superficial, and that was why he ceased to advocate it as soon as the advent of Cleveland gave him reason to hope that the American system might, after all, be "self-adjusting."

Wilson in his own life knew the American constitutional system in three different phases. The first was the post-Civil War era of a predominant Congress and insignificant presidents. It ended with the rise of Cleveland. *Congressional Government* belongs to that period.

The second phase included Wilson's rise as President of Princeton University, as Governor of New Jersey, and as President of the United States, and goes on until his fall in the political disaster of 1918. This second phase was an era of strong Presidents, of Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, and Wilson himself. The book which reflects his constitutional theories in that period is *Constitutional Government in the United States*. In it, writing before he ran for President, Wilson declared:

> The President is at liberty, both in law and conscience, to be as big a man as

Coming

Next week — *New Republic's* annual Christmas Book issue.

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> he can . . . he cannot escape being leader of his party [being] the only party nominee for whom the whole nation votes . . . he is also the political leader of the nation, or has it in his choice to be . . . his is the only national voice in affairs. Let him once win the admiration and confidence of the country, and no other single force can withstand him, no combination of forces will easily overpower him. . . . His office is anything he has the sagacity and force to make it.

The third phase, of which Wilson did not see the end, began with the mid-term elections of 1918. It lasted until the advent of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933. It was another period of Congressional government.

Wilson, who died in 1924, was then a sick and broken man. But had he retained his intellectual energy, he would have come back, I believe, to his first book. He would have come back to revise it, but also to recognize its deep insight. In revising it, he might, perhaps have taken a new view of the balance of powers in the original Constitution. Growing up, as he did, in a time when the balance had been radically turned towards Congress and against the Executive, he seems to have supposed that the balance could not be righted. The experience of his own life shows, however, that the balance can be righted. His own experience had shown also that it is not a stable balance, that the tendency of the system is to become unbalanced—and especially after wars when Congress is, for a time, predominant.

THERE exists, one might say in limbo, a third book describing the American system in its ups and in its downs. That book, alas, Woodrow Wilson was never allowed to write. But in that book he could have brought together into one field of theory the truth of his *Congressional Government* and the truth of his *Constitutional Government*. Then he would have accounted for his own rebellion as a young man, for the disaster and his defeat at the end of his life, and for the great middle years of his power and of his triumphs, and of his enduring fame.

Mr. Lippmann's essay will appear as the introduction to *Constitutional Government* by Woodrow Wilson, to be published by Meridian Books in the Spring of next year.

Puppets in the High Bohemia

by Cashenden Cass

THE CHARM of Miss Mary McCarthy lies in her exposition of the specifically grubby life. She delights in the kind of characters who have by their own efforts and attitudes made the word "culture" probably the most derisive one in the English language, particularly in the American idiom, for among the English themselves the word tends to be accorded the embarrassing status of a social gaffe. The grub which so unpleasantly affects the core of Miss McCarthy's favorite characters does not appear to thrive so fatly elsewhere. It is possible, for instance, to be a poet in France or a painter in Italy, without of necessity being ridiculous. The people of whom Miss McCarthy writes are always ridiculous. This is because the grub which is inside them has an appetite for those qualities of humankind that are creative, honorable and mysterious.

A Charmed Life, by Mary McCarthy (Harcourt Brace; $3.95).

These qualities, it might be supposed, should not be lightly parted with, but Miss McCarthy prefers to examine the human condition after these qualities have passed into the digestive organs of a grub. The human being is then, not surprisingly, somewhat easier to handle, and sets off the vaunting wit of the author very nicely, and, should one admire a smooth clever act with a grub in the heart of it, this is the smoothest, cleverest act of the year. In spite of its appetites, though, the grub is not a robustly evil one. In the author's sphere of comprehended emotion, evil would be out of place, for it is a difficult subject to keep in order; leading, as it does, to dirt, corruption, and life's abounding contravention. With these, the author is fastidiously unconcerned. She prefers the slightly soiled, slightly intellectual, slightly sinning life, which, in its slight emancipation from any serious commitment to the existence of the human race, takes on a rather wooden look.

From this seemingly wormeaten material Miss McCarthy fashions her puppets, sets them on a small stage, and dazzles us with her marvelous sleight of hand. Her New Leedsian community plays at living. The only rule of the game is that each lives according to his applied logic. The upper intellectual sets of this neo-realist cult has taken up various forms of artistic self-expression, rather as a substitute for orange juice. They adore swimming in the nude but not as much as they enjoy a thorough psychiatric immersion in warm water.

The sort of problem with which these adults, mature in years and retarded in their advanced theories, loves to entangle themselves is: whether Martha and second husband John should return to live in New Leeds, from where some years before, when Martha was with her first husband Miles, she and John eloped. Miles and his new wife are now living near the district. Should Martha and John return? They are incapable of resisting such a fingerable mess because they have to prove their strength to themselves, and, besides, Martha must have peace and quiet to write her play. This situtation keeps New Leeds bubbling well on through the season. Their friends the Coes, a painter and his wife who has a lot of money she loves not to spend, see to it that Martha and John brush against Miles and his wife. There is a get together to read a Racine play in French, after which for the slightest possible reason or impulse Miles and Martha have a more intimate get-together on Martha's couch. This leads to Martha's finest hour of truth-seeking in the logical terms of her own small person.

MISS MCCARTHY shows up the structure of the New Leeds community in high, at times, very funny, relief. The structure is a rickety one, and viewed only with the comic sense, the author has put her characters through their logical paces to follow the misguided paths of reasoning until they come a wonderful cropper in their own shallow ditch. Some of the incidents on the way are extraordinarily funny. The sincere painter Coe, thirsting for conversation of high intellectual tone, and with a nagging habit of remembering always what the same people said the last time they extemporized their beliefs, is superbly the dumb and eager intellect ravaged by wolves, the victim of every

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theory he hears propounded, so long as it can be satisfactorily explained. Jane, his aggressive, confident wife, can reasonably persuade herself, on the most altruistic level, to behave when faced by any problem in exactly the way which just so happens to suit her selfish life best. Therefore, when the death of her husband's mother threatens to delay the evening's play reading, it takes her no time to reason that it is right for her to withhold this information from her husband, for his sake, until after the reading, since he will get even more out of it than she.

Such original comic inventions as these are skillfully and maliciously detailed. But the joke becomes a snigger when an act of sexual conception is given the same treatment. We do not snigger when Candide righteously shoots the ape lovers of the girls. Why? Because the girls loved their apes. They knew they wanted them, and had to have them. Thus a horrifying element of human intercourse is, in an instant, revealed, without petty degradation, without ridicule. The trouble with the people of New Leeds is that their emotions are motivated by the need to have something happen so that they can analyse it.

There is a little of Candide in Martha, a bright young woman who wants above all to value her integrity of motive. In following Martha's misfortunes, which derive from pride in her intellectual prowess, in her ability to question and to answer for herself, the author has come near to the inverted humility of true satire. She succeeds devastatingly in showing the paltry insufficiency of the individual "enlightened" by his own self-bound sufficiency. But there has to be a moral grandeur about satire. The ethical imagination must run a little wild.

True satire produces an effect of savage insurrection that would seem to be quite beyond Miss McCarthy's calmly deflected vision. Martha is intelligent, honest, well-meaning. But where is any implication of the occasional spontaneity of even the most prosaic human spirit that should violate her intellect with its seizures? Ask the grub. So Martha is pathetic. One would like to tell her to read one, just one, good book, like the Testaments. It would be no use. Martha has read it, and *Peer Gynt* in the original, and a flatful of philosophies. It does not make any difference. She can subject them all to her own questioning Authority and Authority to Martha is Martha herself. Unlike Candide she was not created with a sense of illusion. This she shares with her creator. Miss McCarthy is troubled but only slightly troubled. She keeps clear of the mysteries. Or has not discovered them yet. Or if she has, is not going to let on.

The Democrats: A Family Portrait

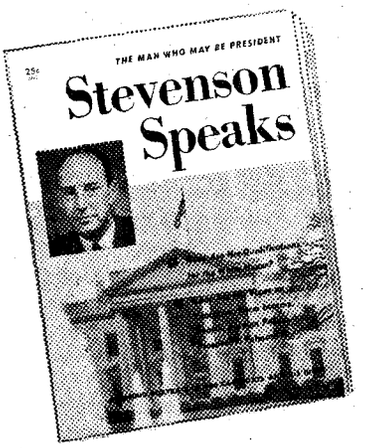
by Stephen K. Bailey

A *Democrat Looks at His Party* is not a well organized book. It runs erratically like a scintillating bull-session. It begins with an explanation of the author's partisan commitment, but returns to this theme in later chapters almost as an afterthought. Much of the time Mr. Acheson is not looking at his party at all; he is looking at the perilous storms and the raging seas of the modern world through the eyes of a seasoned mariner. Now a passenger, he resents stupidity and dangerous incompetence on the bridge. He is honest enough, however, to admit some of his own past navigational errors, and those of the skippers under whom he served.

A Democrat Looks at His Party, by Dean Acheson (Harper; $3)

Mr. Acheson's main arguments can be put quite simply. The Democratic Party is conservative because it is heterogeneous; liberal because, since the days of Jefferson, it has been majoritarian. It is responsible because it has borne great burdens in this century. It has needed to seek new solutions and, in consequence, has been kind to intelligence and innovation. But intelligence and innovation have been used to conserve and extend the values of property and community, not to destroy them.

The Republican Party, on the contrary, has been narrowly based, anti-majoritarian, and hostile to intelligence and experimentation. Its soul has been



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captured by the monolithic interests of big business and its mind has been warped by long years of political frustration. Although Mr. Acheson reserves special disdain for Mr. Dulles and Mr. Brownell for stupid and irresponsible conduct in the linked fields of foreign policy and internal security, he singles out the Reports of the Second Hoover Commission as the "authentic voice of the Republican Party."

Mr. Acheson feels that the Democratic leadership, of which he was a part, must assume responsibility for some of the mistakes made in the internal security field. But he also feels that the Republicans have compounded those mistakes and in the process have dangerously eroded our mutual trust, our freedom, and our national security.

In discussing recent Republican foreign policy, Mr. Acheson is particularly scathing. Vascillation and bluff, he feels, have confounded and alienated our allies, and have only amused and encouraged our enemies. The morale and effectiveness of our Foreign Service have been seriously injured by the treatment of John Paton Davies and others.

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The epilogue is a call to all Americans to "act with common sense and restraint and no nonsense" in the troublous years ahead.

What can be said about a book of this kind? It glosses over almost as much as it affirms. The divisions which have haunted the Democratic Party for 100 years are disposed of as healthy ingredients of concurrent compromise. The dismal record of impasse between Democratic Congresses on domestic issues in the years 1938-46 and 1948-52 is ignored. The fact that Willkie, Dewey, and Eisenhower rather than Taft, MacArthur, or McCarthy have been the Republican Presidential candidates since 1940 is overlooked. The enlightened perspectives of C.E.D.-type businessmen receive no attention.

But these omissions are really beside the point. There is candor in the title. This is not a political scientist, an historian or a Republican looking at the Democratic Party. The title is *A Democrat Looks at His Party.* Emphases and omissions are forgivable in an idealized portrait. And I would hazard the guess that most disinterested social scientists would accept without serious reservation most of Mr. Acheson's main themes. As Huck Finn said about Mark Twain, "There was things that he stretched, but mainly he told the truth." If Mr. Acheson sees greater accommodation within the Democratic Party than is in fact there, the book itself may help to make the myth the reality. Perhaps this was his purpose in writing it.

I wish I could leave the review on this note, but I cannot. For the book has a limitation which is in danger of becoming a party leadership limitation. While it is true that Democratic *administrations* have been hospitable to intelligence; intelligence has not always been hospitable to the Democratic *Party.* Mr. Acheson consistently equates the Democratic Party with its policy leadership. This is unfortunate. Down the line, checking caucus lists, running beer and pretzel picnics, and driving voters to the polls are a lot of worthy non-egghead Democrats who win elections. Most of them do not want to be President or Secretary of State. Although many of them are in politics for mixed reasons, most of them are proud of being Democrats and sense the basic humanity and inclusiveness of the party. But they are often uninformed about the details of policy.

There is in Mr. Acheson's book an overtone of detachment from party workers which at time borders on contempt for the very majority he praises. Twice he quotes Justice Holmes to the effect that "When the ignorant are taught to doubt they do not know what they safely may believe." What Reston once called Mr. Acheson's "whistling sentences" often give the reader a sense that stupidity is so ubiquitous in American life the only salvation is to enthrone benevolent and all-seeing manipulators. Mr. Acheson never says this; I doubt if he believes it. But his style, like his moustache, conveys it.

What I am really saying is that the intelligentsia in the Democratic Party must never forget the lowly people who give the intelligentsia power. "Never forget" means more than praising the common people; it means liking them and valuing them.

THE responsibility here is not onesided. The rank and file of the Democratic Party have an obligation, too. The obligation is to support and defend intelligent statesmanship when they see it; to give encouragement to men of good will and unusual perception within the Party ranks; to recognize greatness passing by. Mr. Acheson received far too little support from the rank and file of his own party during the daring and magnificent days of his incumbency.

In 1853, John Ruskin bemoaned the lack of public appreciation for England's Pre-Raphaelite painters. With sadness he wrote,

> Italy, in her great period, knew her great men. . . . It is reserved for England to insult the strength of her noblest children, to wither their warm enthusiasm early into the bitterness of patient battle, and to leave to those whom she should have cherished and aided no hope but in resolution, no refuge but in disdain.

Americans—partisans and independents alike—must not let this happen here.

Notes on Contributors

WALTER LIPPMANN'S newest book is *The Public Philosophy.* CASHENDEN CASS is a young British novelist. STEPHEN K. BAILEY is a political scientist who teaches at Princeton. NORMAN REIDER is chief of the psychiatric division of Mt. Zion Hospital in San Francisco.

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THEATRE

IN 1890 Shaw complained of Bernhardt as Joan of Arc: "she intones her lines and poses like a saint." At the time, Joan was hovering uncomfortably between heaven and earth. Subsequently she was split in two: one half sent to heaven by the church and called, indeed, a saint, the other half brought rudely down to earth by our playwrights. It is this second Joan—named "natural man" by Miss Hellman's inquisitor — which Julie Harris has been called upon to play. Who is better qualified? She is the very idea of a modern actress. The *Times* recently published a photo to demonstrate that, on 42nd street, Miss Harris looks just like one of the crowd. Imagine what Sarah would say to that! But she would, at least partly, be wrong. In the first place, being the ordinary person has its advantages. No intoning, no posing like a saint. Julie Harris can convince you that this girl is indeed the daughter of the rustic couple of Domremy. In the second place, the ordinariness is only a mask. When Miss Harris takes it off, you see that she is beautiful, glamorous, and powerfully attractive. And she has learned to make subtle use of a wiry, expressive body and the stage-space surrounding it. Her performance as Joan has many lovely and touching moments from the first tableau where she sits in despair with her head in her hands to the last where she stands erect and smiles her oval, homey, midwestern smile. Presumably with the help of her director, Joseph Anthony, than whom no one has a more daring sense of movement, she is able to say more with her body than one would have believed possible in so very verbal a play. No actress' Joan is likely to be complete. Under any director, speaking any script, Miss Harris' otherworldiness would always be more elfin than saintly, her belligerency rather that of Peter Pan than of a patriot and military strategist. But the greatest limitation—a lack of range, of variety—is imposed by the script.

The Lark by Jean Anouilh, adapted by Lillian Hellman. (Longacre.)

Like Shaw, Anouilh has come to the life of Joan of Arc from a feeling that here was all that he had been trying to say in his previous plays. Shaw was right: the confrontation here of individual and society, intuition and philosophy, conscience and convention, vitality and system is Shavian theatre in a nutshell. And, prima facie, the Anouilh pattern also fits: here is another of those clear-eyed virgins whom a world of weary or wicked men takes and destroys. Well and good—provided that the playwright is interested in this kind of virgin and this kind of destroyer—is interested, that is to say, in religion and politics. Shaw fills Joan with his own religious sense, and interprets her career according to his own view of history: she was the first nationalist and the first protestant. Anouilh's lack of interest in such matters is total. He tells us that the Joan of history was a big, healthy girl but that he couldn't care less and his Joan is going to be weary, undernourished, and haggard. We are meant to understand, no doubt, that this author is after dramatic essences, not factual externals. But what is undramatic about a big raw-boned peasant lass? Is it not the weariness and emaciation that are unreal, the children, not of truth, but of Anouilh's philosophic system?

Admittedly, Shaw also gave us a highly personal view of Joan, which departs from the facts in at least one essential point, namely, in representing the trial as scrupulously fair. To this end, Shaw gave an inquisitor argument such as no inquisitor would ever (I think) have approved, let alone employed, and made Bishop Cauchon amiable and rational. Anouilh not only presents another highly personal interpretation, however, he also follows the Shavian version of the facts as if it were established history. Indeed, one of the New York reviewers excused his following in Shaw's footsteps on the grounds that it all really happened that way! At this point it is high time—if Catholic critics are too polite to speak out about Anouilh—that a Catholic dramatist should write a Joan play and remind the public, first, that the trial was as shameless and corrupt a frame-up as anything in Soviet annals and that, as for character, Bishop Cauchon was in all probability about as likeable, enlightened, and highminded as Senator McCarthy. We allow Shaw a certain license, partly because he came up with a fine play, partly because what he said has general application even if it is not specifically true of Joan. Anouilh can claim no such indulgence. Rather, one has the right to complain that in this the least imaginative of his dramas he also displays so little interest in the truth—the truth about Catholicism, for example. His inquisitor says: "love of man excludes the love of God"! It is true that a priest protests, but he is sent out of the room for his pains. It is true an attempt is made to make the inquisitor symbolize all who fanatically put an Idea before people. My points stand, *a fortiori,* that the play moves all the time away from concrete truth and towards abstract theory. And the theory is not very good theory. As a thinker, Anouilh has the narrow-mindedness we traditionally associate with the religious; only it's the fact that his mind contains *no* religion that makes him narrow. In vain that he tries in his play suddenly to be Positive and celebrate human goodness. The enthusiasm is *voulu* and unfelt. Real is only the old, comfortless, nauseated atheism. Despite his intentions, his Joan is a character *reduced* to his pattern, and (in the French original) dies chiefly to avoid the coming of old age.

This last was more than Miss Hellman could stomach. By a brief deletion, she desperately tries, in the last scene, to rescue Joan from Anouilh. She inserts a little speech of her own to guarantee that Joan, lost to sainthood à la Bernhardt, may be at least a good girl. She goes back into the body of the text and slashes the inquisitor's speeches so that our audiences will never find out what Anouilh meant to convey. Meanwhile, the producer has Leonard Bernstein turn on the phonograph at awkward moments (hark the metallic angels sing), otherwise chiefly relying on a director whose whole talent lies in what may be called dramatic choreography. Anouilh's conception was scenically very simple: his play is a discussion, and that's that. The New York production is a really grand show—visually much finer than *Tiger at the Gates,* for example—a show which, with Julie Harris in the midst of it, anyone interested in theatre will enjoy, especially those who are *not* interested in Joan of Arc, history in particular, or truth in general.

ERIC BENTLEY

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A Psychiatrist Comments

The Angelic Conjunction

What Cotton Mather called "the angelic conjunction" of divinity and medicine, the practice of both professions being not an uncommon phenomenon through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, underwent considerable change with the rise of science. Though both callings were rooted in a common origin the scientific era tended to make them assume distinct roles in society. There was no complete separation, however, for the work of the medical missionaries served to continue the conjunction. These men, of whom Schweitzer is the most outstanding present-day example, can be said to exemplify relics of a tradition rather than evidence of any mainstream singleness of purpose.

But the last ten years have seen a revival of interest in the relation between medicine and religion, with the clergy interested in psychiatry and psychiatrists interested in religion. A journal of pastoral psychology has been established. Some of the theological schools emphasize a thorough grounding in basic principles of psychiatry, and arrange "internships" for their students in psychiatric hospitals. Mental hygiene conferences for clergymen are held.

Likewise, the psychiatric literature has greatly increased its references to religion; formulations of development of character structure point more and more to the effective integrative influences of religious belief. Dynamic psychiatry of late has taken up the concepts of "trusts" and "faith," and some systematizations of psychiatric thinking sound like religious doctrines in their philosophy.

The phenomenon is more than interesting. It is significant that many popular books and articles reiterate the claim that there is no conflict between psychiatry and religion; and from some of the most orthodox camps of religionists the blasts against psychiatry and even psychoanalysis are diminishing. The clergyman seems truly eager to learn not only the content of psychiatry and psychoanalysis, but also something of the techniques; while the psychiatrist, basking in a newly-found respectability of various sorts of apostolic blessings, has not, with a very few exceptions, attempted to clarify the areas of difference.

For one thing, the psychiatric writers in the field do not quite agree as to what they mean by religion—trust or faith, belief in God, dogma, ritual, theology or theocracy—or some combination of these. Many writers do not mean any of them, although granting their social or therapeutic value to some people. Most psychiatrists apparently refer by religion to a particular kind of profound emotional and mystical experience, an oceanic feeling.

Both before and since William James it has been held that such feeling can be the subject of psychological investigation. Most of these psychological studies have stressed the humanness of the phenomenon, showed its human genetic origins and nosologically placed some of its derivatives among the neuroses. These trends of research, crystallized by Freud, were attacked as sacrilegious and unsound, but it must be granted that thinking religionists were influenced, and thereby proved that Freud was correct in at least one point: ". . . the defenders of religion will with equal right avail themselves of psychoanalysis in order to appreciate to the full the effective significance of religious doctrines." In some instances they took the position that the "essence" of the religious experience is not interpretable, analyzable, or reducible, that the quality is not explicable in terms of past individual history. It seems that the core of the problem—whether the experience in question is exclusively human and historical, or whether it is one manifestation of divinity—is no longer a conflictual consideration to many scientists, including psychiatrists.

Why? What has happened to the scientist who was not ashamed of his doubt, who saw his work as a constant inroad on the unknown, who was undismayed at a tentative answer that only raised ten more questions, who did not need to resort to demonic or divine concepts to settle his curious mind, who, if he thought over the matter, hoped for nothing less than a mature morality and ethics as a logical derivative of his work.

It is claimed that scientific approaches to such psychological phenomena have been areligious, if not antireligious, and are derivatives of the nineteenth century materialism which has now succumbed to a more sophisticated attitude. It is true that some intellectual components of the so-called materialistic nineteenth century consisted of skepticism, which easily turned into more formal agnosticism: and of some antimystical, rather counterphobic attitudes, which derided magical thinking. Add to these the intellectual security which comes from adherence to the principle of determinism and one has a race of brave new scientists, fearless and unawed, ready to solve all the problems of mankind.

Alas, this scientism received a rude jolt, and still suffers from a kind of radiation sickness set off by the atomic bomb. Relativity and the principle of indeterminacy have shaken the self-assured agnosticism of the now not-so-brave scientist, who has in many an instance let his own articles of faith be influenced by the anti-Communism and anti-Liberalism of the past decade. I, for one, hold that the hammering home of the association of Communism and anti-godlessness has taken its toll. To escape the consequences of sinfulness, as defined in the present political climate, many persons have chosen to declare some kind of faith.

Certainly the factors are more complex than I have indicated. Yet they are observable clinical phenomena in many a scientist, and particularly important in the case of the psychiatrist. Ignoring the sober caution that is the only reasonable approach to the problem of influencing human nature, if one appreciates the lessons of history, the psychiatrist came to feel high optimism at just the time when psychologic knowledge was at its peak—and just when the greatest holocaust of sadism and destruction struck the world.

Some psychiatrists reacted as if their scientism had failed them, and they reverted to the magical thinking of earlier years, now conveniently safer. But this reversion is by no means universal. Many scientists in all fields continue their work without the private personal need to disprove or deny the biological nature of man. True, they have become more aware of their social responsibilities, but without needing to change their theoretical constructs into an unworkable epistomological idealism. They still hope to help make the world a better place in which to live. They are optimistic. All they want is a few more centuries of work and research.

NORMAN REIDER, M.D.

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CORRESPONDENCE

► The Vice Presidency

SIRS:

In the excellent article in your November 21 issue titled "Both Parties Reappraise the Vice-Presidency" there is, I believe, an error of fact. The article states, in a hypothetical discussion of the possibility of the Republicans nominating Warren and Nixon in 1956, that " . . . it is unconstitutional to have both President and Vice-President from the same state." The 12th Amendment is cited as authority for this conclusion.

This seems to be a superficial and erroneous interpretation of the 12th Amendment, which deals with the duties of presidential electors. The amendment provides that electors of the various states shall ballot separately for President and Vice President, and one of these must not be an inhabitant of the same state as the electors. Assuming that Warren and Nixon were nominated as Republican candidates, and that the Republicans won California, then the California electors could vote for Warren for President but not for Nixon as Vice President. If the Republicans carried enough other states, however, both Warren and Nixon could be elected, and in accord with the Constitution.

It is, of course, fair to say that as a practical matter the 12th Amendment has made it unlikely that any party would nominate Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates from the same state, since the electors of that state could legally vote for only one of the candidates. This would send one of the candidates into the race with a handicap equal to the electoral vote of his own state. In a close race a candidate might be elected President but find his running mate without an electoral vote majority.

JAMES F. BAILEY

River Forest, Ill.

• • •

SIRS:

Your excellent issue, "Stevenson Speaks," and particularly Michael Straight's evaluation, merits commendation. It was a fine job.

May I take exception, however, to one conclusion regarding a reappraisal of the Vice-Presidency. You err in surmising that under the original provision of the Constitution Stevenson rather than Nixon would have been chosen Vice-President.

Of course the oddity of Stevenson as Vice-President to Ike would not have been any stranger than Jefferson as Vice-President to John Adams. Nevertheless, the latter combination occurred only because a number of New England Federalists scattered their second votes among minor candidates instead of concentrating them on Thomas Pinckney the other important Federalist candidate. The runner-up candidate to Ike under the original constitutional procedure would have been, as it was, Nixon. Remember, only 89 Democratic electors were chosen in 1952. Does the editorial staff of the NR actually imagine that Republican electors in 1952 would have divided their second place votes or have cast some for Stevenson? In no other fashion could Stevenson have been chosen Vice-President.

Although Jefferson overcame his association with Adams to win the Presidency in the succeeding Presidential election I, for one, am pleased that Stevenson was not chosen Vice-President to Ike under either the original or the amended Constitution.

ABRAHAM HOLTZMAN

North Carolina State College

Raleigh, N. C.

► Mr. Lippmann's Philosophy

SIRS:

Mr. Biddle's argument in his criticism of Walter Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy*, (NR, November 14) is not convincing. He finds vagueness in Mr. Lippmann's conceptions, and sees failure to relate his conceptions to the conditions of human life or to the problems of statesmanship which he raises. But where is the clarity of conception in Mr. Biddle's offered correction? He dismisses the idea of natural law as a "popular myth," and belittles the "dogma of natural law" as a dream not without splendor, but which no longer moves man to action.

In philosophizing about the social order there is failure when the nature of man is not examined in respect to his capacity for righteous social living. Examples of character and capabilities in individuals are reassuring on the point of certainty of an ultimate order of justice and humaneness. In accepting the validity of such examples we acknowledge that we have conceptions of reality in human character and in its manifestation in the social order. The "abstractions" in natural law in reference to human association are not myths. We need only to be sure that the laws are natural—inherent in the nature of man and consistent with his origin and destiny.

If Mr. Biddle had extended his reading of the Declaration of Independence to its statement of self-evident truths he would have found the concrete terms which he demands. The reality of human equality in possession of natural rights cannot be denied by anyone who believes in the Fatherhood of God, and in consequence sees mankind as a brotherhood in which the individuals are interdependent in their need for opportunity to live in self-respect and high satisfaction, using nature's provisions for human existence and for advancement in spirit and capabilities. A people's hope for satisfaction in living must be given reference to a determination to live rightfully, as members of the brotherhood of man.

RAY O. CAUKIN

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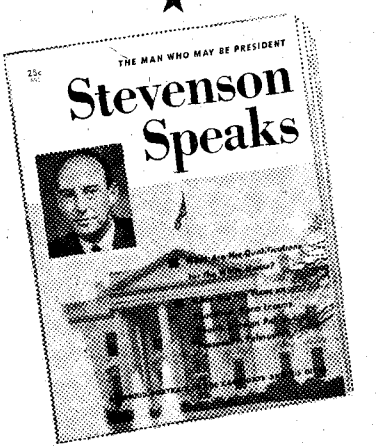

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